

[S. G. Hoover]

[??] [?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul & L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

DATE Oct. Nov. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mr. S. G. Hoover, 519 S. Lincoln . , Ave. Hastings
Nebraska

2. Date and time of interview Oct. Nov. 1938

3. Place of interview 519 S. Lincoln, Ave.

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None

5. Name and address of person, if any accompanying you None

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. 2 story brick building, fairly modern.
Rents two room apartment on 2nd floor. Furnishings plain but clean. Does own housework
and cooking. FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER R. W. Kaul & L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

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NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. S. C. Hoover, 519 S. Lincoln Ave. Hastings,
Nebraska

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1. Ancestry American— Irish, Scotch, Dutch
2. Place and date of birth Sept. 17, 1888— Warren Co. Ind.
3. Family Few relatives— single
4. Place lived in, with dates Red Oak, Ind., Eight mile Prairie, Ind., Hoopston, Ill., Jubilee, Ind., Hastings, Neb
5. Education, with dates. Grade schools in above places
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Tree surgeon from early manhood
7. Special skills and interests Tree surgery— homespun poetry and prose
8. Community and religious Adherent to Seventh Day Adventist Church
9. Description of informant 5 feet 10 inches, weight 155, quick in action, quick to speak, friendly type
10. Other points gained in interview Delights in discussion of religious and politics. Favors improvement of the conditions of the laborer generally. Especially talkative on the subject of tree surgery.

FORM C 6Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul & L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

DATES Oct. Nov. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. S. G. Hoover, 519 W. Lincoln Ave. Hastings, Nebraska "The pages of Past and Future" Do you feel ashamed, despondent, regretful, Thinking of what might have been, As you view the past slope of life, And see it covered

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with reckage and sin, Does the dark clouds of regret hang o'er you, Oblitering the future from sight, And you feel your are lost, In the dark and depth of its night, Arise shake the chains of they thy [?] [bones?] man, They will snap at the power of your will, The past may lie dark behing you, But the future remains yours still. There is no blots on the fair pages of the future, [?] by the passage of time, You can write there a story of weakness, Or a strong thrilling story sublime, You must write that story, No one can write it but you, And if you are not to be ashamed of the story, You must strive to right what is true, To write such a story is not easy, But hard from the first to the last, But after you have achieved it, Forget [?] the blots of the past. So take [?] go [?] by reckage of time, The last chapter you have still to write, Come, Make it a chapter sublime. "Lifes Love for Right" [?] Shine on bright stars, Shine on united, by time or space, And may the light within our souls [?] shine, The light of hope and grace. Whe clouds gather the skies, And hide the stars from sight, We know behind their thickness veil, They still are shining bright. [Oh! thou sweet star of love, You lift us to our highest height, Make us to find our deeper whole, You lead us to suffer work and strive, And at last to reach our goal *1] As clouds gather in the natural skies, To hide the stars above, So do clouds of trouble, Gather in the skies of life, To hide the stars of love. Oh! thou noble star of love, Shine on serene, Unmindful of time and space, For like the stars that shine above, You are touched by truth and grace. *1 Oh! Thou sweet flower of love, Thy fragrance did perfume the air, Of the first eternal morn, They sweet [?] shall [roam?] in, Through out the eternal day, And like the stars they shine above, It shall not pass away. Oh! thy sweet lingering fragrance must remain, We shall not permit it to cease, no never, But like the stars that shine above, It shall not [?]. It shall abide forever [????????] "Who are the Rich" Are they those that deal in Silver and Gold, And profit themselves a million gold, Nay—Then who? They who profit at another's loss, But are troubled not at the other's [?], Nay—Then who? Are they those who fill their coffers with Glittering [?], And gorge their souls on soul-less wealth, Nay! Then who? He who builds a [?] physique grand, But neglects the soul of the inner man, Nay! Then who? I tell you who. The man who passes through this vale of strife with his hand and soul firmly grasping the switch of life, And takes the current as it comes gliding in, Whether [?] with good, or bad or

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sin. Joys, sorrows, mistakes and strife, He knows are the essence that makes up life, Each he finds does a lesson hold, Whose value makes dress of the finest gold. This watchman leaves none go, unheeded past, But [gases?] at each with a powerful glass, He sifts each with a sifter fine, And passes each to the inner mind. Life is a queer mixture for one and all, It holds lessons sweet as honey, yet bitter as gall, What would life be if it were no so, But one long winter of eternal snow. "How to Choose Your Friends"

As social beings, we must need come in contact with many people. As judicial beings, we should be wise and prudent, sticking to a code of rules, such as, refraining from hasty judgement or forming opinions, either bad or good. Always remember that you and I, in fact, all of us, have little faults and sometimes large, of which we are ashamed, and [?] not ashamed, but aware of, which most of us for various purposes try to conceal.

All of us in meeting people put our best foot forward, so to speak. Most of us are good or nearly so. If were, caution would not be necessary. A nearly good person is truly ashamed of his failings and really tries to overcome them. Do you see, shame is really a redeeming quality and we really need not be ashamed of being ashamed.

But wedged in between the good are many unscrupulous vultures of the human race, which /# are perfectly aware of, but not ashamed, of their own meanness. These are masters of conceit and cunning. They are like the snake who is too lazy to work, but prefers to lay in wait for their prey. For a cunning snake picks< his place of concealment to lie wait.

So do these human vultures conceal their true self behind a pleasing personality. They are artists of deception and cunning. They hide behind a well groomed mannerly [condescending?] cunning. For the soul purpose of disarming their prey. [?] such, none of us are safe. To them, all is legal prey. [?] such, we should always maintain a constant vigil, lest we fall a prey to their master cunning. Such vulture, constantly schools themselves in making a good appearance. And at [aft?] times appear to greater advantage than the one

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who is really good, but makes no special efforts to appear , so, but leaves his own good deeds speak for themselves.

The great moral teacher , “Jesus Christ,” likened such hypocrites unto [?] scpulcher which appears without, to be [?] and clean, but within, full of dead mens’ bones extortion and [?].

So the last phrase of the rule, withhold your confidence till the other [?] are acquaintances. Prove by merit the right to confidence, trust and friendship. It is all so good to remember the little faults in the lives of those with which you make friends. Do not let their good qualities blind you to their faults. If you do, you are [prono?] to set them on a pedestal. And they with a drastic exercise of their faults, open your eyes and you find the shock has knocked them from their pedestal of your esteem.

Toward your friends, you should always be, tolerant, patient and helpful. And with love, forgive their shortcomings, for you will always stand in need of those virtues from others.

May God Bless and Help you in the selection of your friends.” “Bitter so bitter, and hard to take, But [?] it all for wisdom sake, Good so good and [east?] too, But it may not mean life to you. But mingled together, they make life's golden spell, So take them both, digest them well, And store up their good as best you can. Your life will some day be rich my little man.”

Written by Mr. S. C. Hoover,

519 South Lincoln, Ave.

Hastings, Nebraska “Our Garden of [?]”

When the skies of your soul is o'er shadowed with darkness, when your loved ones and friends [ortise?] you, when on every hand you are met with disappointment and grief, when shattered has seemed every hope and wish, and life itself seems like a great dark

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billow of impending doom, and your soul on the dark cross [?] of despair seems crucified, when by the forced forces of evil your heart seems torn asunder when life seems to lie before you like a hopeless and desolate waste; then say to-thyself, "Oh soul, be calm". "The creative forces of the Great Sculptor is at Work. Say to they soul, "Soul, take courage and give thyself without, reserve to his shaping power, for the [?] loveth [that?] which he Shapeth. "Say to Thyself, "Oh Soul, into the hands of the Great Sculptor of life I will yield and commit my soul. I will fear not, neither will I despair, for out of the desolation of this abiding night, he has a power to bring rays of living light. Out of this ugly sin blotched me, He will a soul of beauty shape that shall not fade. Oh! ye dark clouds of my soul; I fear Thee neither will I despair, for out of the desolation of this abiding night, he has power to bring rays of living light. Out of this ugly sin blotched me, He will a soul of beauty shape that shall not fade. Oh! ye dark clouds of my soul. I fear Thee not for in the cradle of His love I rest secure. Ye, dark cloud shalt pass away, and in the place shalt shine forth the light of eternal love. Oh, fading hope, thou shalt be a canges changed into eternal joy. Oh, despair, in thy place shalt shine eternal hope. Then, Oh, loved ones and friends, no more fault shalt thou find for in its place shalt bloom t e the sweet flower of holy and eternal understanding.

Oh, you plains of sorrow and desolation. He shalt give away to the vast unfathomable plain of eternal progression. Oh, fear, thy place shalt be given to abiding faith and loving trust. So fear no, Oh, Soul, nore nor dread the dark hours. They are but shadows cast by the light of eternal love. Then Soul, yield ye to their living favor, when the rays of the great eternal morning shalt break, when sin and all her darkening shadows fly away, and the Great Sculptor shalt lay his chisel by and shalt behold his works. Thy soul shalt be clothed in robes of wondrous Beauty, the work of the Master's hand. Then the eyes of thine inward sight shalt be kissed by the rays of the eternal light of love. And then fond soul, thou shalt see and know and understand."

" A Way to Real Success "

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Don't get heady or discouraged, if you make a failure in any undertaking. It does not signify you life is a failure. The man who has made no failures has yet to be born. How many times we have all failed, is set forth in the example of the baby. How many times does he fall and so fails, while learning to walk and stand. But his courage survives each failure. Down he goes and up he comes for another try, bumped, hurt, but still undaunted. Defeat means nothing to him. He means to win. Such persistence can lead but to success. He stands, he walks, he runs, he leaps, for he knows the [?] joy of success. Each time he failed but tried again was another brick in his foundation of success.

If you have failed many times and are tempted to quit, remember the baby. Any man should be ashamed to quit after beholding so noble an example. A good part of the world may scoff and jeer your failing. If the baby can take on the chin, "Can't you?" Are you going to let the baby exercise more strength of character than yourself?

Suppose the whole world give you the razz. They don't mean it, grin and try again. Your efforts will awake their admiration. If you keep on trying you are sure to hear their lusty cheers for your success. [?] Remember each new effort is one more brick laid in the pavement of your achievements. Bringing you a little nearer the temple of your ideals, a little closer to the shrine of your manhood. A little nearer the man, your mother [an?] and father hope you would be. Show in all kindness, a few words to help those who have heard the ringing cheers of success. And stand upon the pinnacle of that noble edifice. Take heed, least you fall. Don't be drunk on the wine of your success. Don't let it go to your head and spoil what you have fought so hard to attain. To bragg brag and flaunt your success is a sure sign of intoxication. Such behavior is disgusting in the eyes of all decent people.

Failure has slain her thousands, success, her tens of thousands. Now an example of how successful man should set; When Admiral Dewey corked the Spanish fleets in Manila Bay, and sank some of her great ships, his men were cheering his success; but his true

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greatness was expressed in his next act. Holding his hands for silence, he said, "Don't cheer Men, the poor devils are Drowning."

This act of chivalry did more to raise him to the height of true greatness, than his victory over the Spanish fleet."

" Don't be a Quitter "

Don't be a quitter. It is easier to quit a hard task, than to finish it. But an unfinished task is always a self reproach and a constant reminder to your friends and foes of a weak personality.

A finished task is always a testimony of consistency. The work may be imperfect but done to the finish holds brighter hopes for the future.

Do not as the grasshopper, flit from leaf to leaf. He is just as insect born for a day, then his life goes out in darkness, and is thought no more of than the mist of yesterday. He who lives his example may be liked and loved, but never trusted. They will never find their deeper worth and better hold. Stick to your job and be a man. Don't be an insect."